

# SOUTHERN PATRIOT.

T. N. MARTIN

"BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT, THEN GO AHEAD."—CROCKETT.

EDITOR.

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## PROCEEDINGS OF THE 4th OF JULY 1848.

In pursuance of previous notice, an assembly of near one thousand persons were convened at Grisham's Spring, to celebrate the anniversary of freedom on the 4th inst. The day was delightful—the scenery romantic and picturesque. Sobriety and the strictest order pervaded the whole assembly.

Patriotism, glorious in every heart, sparkled in every eye, and the countenances of all exhibited the patriotic spirit of their fathers was not yet extinct. The ladies with their rosy cheeks—their charming smiles & their spotless beauty added such additional interest to the occasion that neither tongue nor pen could depict it.

At the appointed time the exercises were commenced by the offering up of an appropriate and fervent prayer by the Rev. Haman Baily. Mr. R. H. Grisham then arose and read the Declaration of Independence.

After which the orator of the day, J. A. Orr, appeared and entertained us with a speech of an hour which breathed patriotism from every word and was received with the most satisfaction by all. Many were the compliments which were paid to that day by both sexes, but we forbear comment as he has consented to the universal request of all those who heard it to have it published.

After the delivery of the oration a table of the richest variety prepared with taste was spread, an exhibition of the generosity of the citizens was evidently seen on this occasion, when all were satisfied. The ladies and gentlemen being reassembled at the stand the following regular toasts prepared by a committee appointed for that purpose, were read by the President of the day and received upon temperance principles.

The day we celebrate.—The birth day of our liberty, consecrated by the blood of the men of '76, when we cease to know its observance we will cease to be worthy of our inheritance.

The memories of Washington and Jefferson.—Their names and deeds are the admiration of the civilized world.

The patriots and heroes of the Revolution.—Their noble daring has made us what we are, great and free.

Our Nation.—May she shine as a brilliant constellation until not only France, but every other Nation shall acknowledge her greatness and taste the sweets of liberty by imitating her example.

The First Mississippi Rifles.—May their deeds of civility be engraved upon the tablets of our memory and upon the brightest pages of our country's history.

Our Army of Mexico—composed of the virtue and intelligence of American citizens.—They have established their superiority over the hireling soldiery of the old World, by their deeds of daring and noble valor.

The Slain in Battle.—Like stars that set in glory, their epitaph is immortality.

The Peace with Mexico.—The crowning glory of the Administration.

Mississippi.—Small in numbers, but rich in soil, and rich in the production of mighty intellect.

The Orator of the Day.—We appreciate his rich intellectual repast, may he increase in usefulness as he ripens in age, and fame soon award to him the bright laurels which are now almost within his grasp.

General Education.—The cement by which the parts of our Federal Structure are held together.

Agriculture.—The main stay of life, give it but an open market & it will yield universal prosperity.

Woman.—What State could fail, what liberty decay, if the zeal of man's silent patriotism was as pure as the silent loyalty of woman's love?

After the reading of the above toasts the crowd dispersed with unsurpassed decorum and good feeling.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Grisham's Spring, 4th July, 1848.

J. A. ORR Esq.

DEAR SIR:—The committee of arrangements have appointed us to communicate the following resolution adopted by them this evening.

Resolved, That a committee of three, be appointed to express our admiration of the eloquent speech which you have just delivered, and request a copy for publication.

Trusting sir, that you will comply with the request, we remain with great respect, yours &c.

HUGH GASTON,  
JAMES H. PARKER, } Committee.  
LOGAN FITZGUGH.

Grisham's Spring, 4th July, P. M. GENTLEMEN:

Your note requesting that I should furnish, for publication, a copy of the speech, I have this day had the honor of delivering, has been received.

The manuscript is at your disposal.

Permit me, gentlemen to express my gratitude for the flattering manner in which you have transmitted the request.

Very Respectfully your ob't Servant,  
J. A. ORR.

HUGH GASTON,  
JAMES H. PARKER, } Committee.  
LOGAN FITZGUGH.

## ADDRESS BY J. A. ORR.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

We have met to celebrate a day, bright in the annals of deeds of noble daring.—We have met to celebrate a day, consecrated to freedom, by those worthies who conceived, promulgated, and executed, that glorious instrument, just read in your hearing. We have met to pay our tribute of respect, to the memories of the mighty dead—to enkindle those lofty aspirations for true greatness in the youthful bosom, by a recapitulation of the deeds of those, who left for us, the inheritance of a free constitution—to proclaim our veneration for that virtue and moral courage, which not only prompted their conceptions to freedom; but also breast the rolling current of bloody war, in the consummation of their heaven-born undertaking. Public celebrations, have the effect of renewing these associations—or warming the hearts of all who are participants.

They invigorate their faith—encourage their hopes—inspire their grateful feelings, towards the things, or persons who are the subjects of their reminiscences. What a genial influence must hover about those, who engage in the sweet and pleasurable devotions, of the 4th of July?

What a vivid picture, is portrayed to our imagination! What an important epoch in our country's history, is suggested by the dawning of this morning's sun, whose dawn is usually hailed with the resonant roar of cannon, the shrill flut and deep-toned drum salutes Aurora's first beams, with a long loud blast, and heavy roll,—the plough stands idle in the field,—the plain is motionless on the work bench,—the sledge is dropped on the anvil block—the countenances of all around, are bright and sunny,—the smiles on the rosy cheek of the beautiful damsel, are pleasant as the mid-summer breeze—the brow which was over spread with melancholy gloom, now beams with pleasure—the eye whose radiance was dimmed by reverses and misfortunes, now sparkles within its socket.

What then has this revived drooping nature? This day seventy-two years ago doubtless the most intensely interesting political scene, which has ever transpired on earth might have been witnessed, in the old Independence Hall in the city of Philadelphia. Jefferson, Franklin and their associates were there—they were there without the instruction of their constituents, to declare themselves free, and independent of the mother country,—they were there with strong hearts, and nerved arms, willing to hazard their all to avenge the wrong of their down trodden country. Men of less stout hearts and cooler patriotism, would have quailed beneath the impending cloud, fearfully portending ruin. But go read their declarations and estimate their value of life, without liberty,—they pined the gaze of an admiring world, that the determination to which they had come in their Declaration of Independence, was not an empty profession,—not the working of an inordinate self aggrandizement, but the solemn conviction, of an unclouded judgement, when they for the support of their declaration, pledged to each other, their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors. Imagine yourself transported back to the day, when this instrument was published. Imagine yourself to have been a specta-

tor in the Hall of their deliberations—to have heard the paper read, harping defiance at the mightiest nation of Europe—even proud, and arrogant old England. No over flowing treasury; to meet the exigencies of a rebellious war, no army, no officers,—the possibility of their act, being repudiated by their constituents—to have incurred the monstrous penalty and to the crime of high treason, against the king.

Imagine this picture to be presented before you and then see the President, John Hancock and the other members of the convention, sign their names to this instrument,—not after hearing a powerful and eloquent speech addressed to their passions by the soul stirring Henry;—but with that calm serenity, which characterized all their deliberations. This indeed was a glorious sight. Well might the silvery tones, of Seraphic Angels be hoisted in an awful stillness, while this grand, and super-natural scene was being transpired on earth. Deem me not enthusiastic, from my heart, I believe the deliberation, of the Patriots of the Revolution, in all their acts, to have been directed, by that God, who holds in the palm of his hands, destinies of mighty empires. I believe so, from the righteousness of their cause—the beauty of freedom,—and the brilliant success, with which their efforts have been crowned. The night times of their trouble was merged in the transcendent lustre of their success. The blood of patriots, was an acceptable offering upon the altar of faith, the flame was quickly kindled,—it has been shining brightly since and to extinguish it would require from the shrine of Royalty, more than the myriads of nobility that live the blasting scourges to mankind.—And is all realized that was intended? Methinks that the most sanguine of our fore-fathers who unsheathed their swords in the days of the Revolution, never fully anticipated the happy results that we are now enjoying.

The task is difficult, to portray the glory of this, then the first—the only—the greatest Republic which has existed in the Universe for a lapse of time, more than six thousand years. Where no sound was heard, but the howling of the ferocious wolf of the sea less piercing yell of the panther, interrupted only by the wild reechoing of the Indian war-whoop, the song of liberty, mingled with the praises of the children of God, in their sweetest tones of melody are heard in another world. More than sixty years have elapsed since the constitution under which we live was adopted; and it has thus far withstood the mutations of time, "the ruthless hand of vandalism change has not mutilated or undermined it. Under its benign influence, we have prospered, and flourished as no nation before us ever prospered, or flourished. The States have multiplied from thirteen to thirty one, the rolling tide of population, has swelled its numbers from three to more than twenty million, the frozen regions of the North—the sunny South Eastern shores of the Atlantic, and the snow covered cliffs, of Western mountains, all teem with a population, the bravest, the freest, the best of mankind, nor will its onward tide halt, till they have clustered on the shores, washed by the surges of the Pacific. The forest have receded and fields grown under an abundant harvest. Rail Roads, and Canals have been constructed, and bearing along on their bosom, the rich products of a generous soil. Our white sails of commerce are unfurled to the breeze of every Ocean, School houses, and Colleges, have been reared where half a century ago the curling smoke rising from the lonely wigwam, betokened the habitation of only the uncouth savage.

The transportation of news, even slow and tedious, has become rapid as thought, and the news of the morning now mount the lightning's flash; and with its speed may be borne from pole to pole. For the wonderful inventions in steam, we are indebted to American ingenuity, or that "inland sea" the great

Mississippi River which only a few years ago, was to be seen, the lonely still of the hunter, may now daily be seen the gliding of the majestic Steamboat, freighted with the products of soil, destined to rescue from the graspings of hunger, the myriads of France, England and Ireland's starving half clad paupers.

A nation of people, sent out by our creator from the stormy sea of persecution, in the old World—their home has become the asylum of the poor, and oppressed of every clime and language and nation. No legalized sea of Rome to annul the wise enactments of a virtuous legislation. No fanatical enthusiast who demands an union of church and state. No hereditary distinction, save the respect we may entertain for the Son in consequence of other virtues of a father, which is voluntary, not compulsory. No legalized Aristocracy, to grind, and oppress the poor. Not these things were not bequeathed to us, by the departed worthies of the times when it "wied menssouls." It was liberty—this boon, they committed to our charge unimpaired upon its delivery, many and various were the injunctions to perpetrate and maintain it. Washington with the virtue of a Socrates & wisdom of Solomon gave us his farewell departing counsel.

Thomas Jefferson, with the foresight and unguity of an Oedipus, told us that the people upon the virgin soil of America, were capable of self government, of electing their own Rulers, and of enacting wise and wholesome laws. Let me ask you now, fellow citizens: how have we preserved this sacred trust, committed to our charge?—This brings me to speak of some of the leading features, which have characterized our government. In doing so, I shall avoid everything of a political nature, upon which many of my countrymen differ.—Were I to do other wise, I should be recreant to the high and generous feeling which should animate the bosom, of the advocate of freedom.

Our situation has been one awfully responsible, and precarious our affairs, more than once have been portentous of gloom, and destruction, but I thank God, thus far, the tree of liberty, has nobly breast the gale of the fiercest tornado; and that she yet stands, like the tall cedars of Lebanon clothed in the richest and most variegated hues. Our financial affairs have at times been conducted under different policy, yet upon the whole, no nation on the face of the globe presents such continual prosperity, to the great masses of the people, commencing as we did with an empty treasury. How changed the first of the last, from those of the first treasurer, from nominally nothing. Our collections and disbursements including treasury notes, exceed fifty millions annually, our export, one hundred and eleven, while our imports, reached one hundred and 8 millions.

But, while we have moved on thus seemingly, with our financial affairs, it has been our misfortune, to be engaged in war with two powerful nations. The first of these, in 1812, with old England again.—At this time, the political elements of Europe, were in discord, and commotion. Through the wisdom of Jefferson during his administration, an open outbreak was avoided, the injury, had been heaped upon injury, and insult piled upon insult. The action, however, of the British council, and the edicts, and hateful system of the imprisonment of our seamen, (the tribute of money, or of Montezuma, or of the damned, called upon Hercules altar, was not more hateful at that time, as intolerable, and the American people were forced to make war, or submit to National degradation. "The thrilling war cry was flung upon the breeze," and the myriads of our true born young men, rushed but to conquer.

During this residence, the conflict was sanguinary, but never doubtful, notwithstanding, there were those among them who solemnly declared their willingness, to see the walls of national capital, battered to the ground, by the enemy's cannon, rather than vote an appropriation in its defense. Notwithstanding, the stupendous schemes of British aggrandizement, in every part of Christendom, and the power the allies had rallied to the rescue, notwithstanding, they saw her, the Arrogant Mistress of the high seas, notwithstanding, they were surrounded by their enemies, by the fleets of herds of only treacherous mercenaries of the hour, their contest was never doubtful, their brave spirits, led by the a-

dmirable Jackson, never slant from the hardships of the soldier until they had exhausted the independent foe, and wiped the tarnish of submission from the bright escutcheon of their country's honour.

From that time, our land enjoyed the blessings of uninterrupted peace, save the few outbreaks with Indians until the late war with Mexico was declared. We may differ, as to the policy and justice of this war; but I trust there is one broad platform on which we may all meet, in awarding that meed of honor, justly due to our brave army of Mexico—in lauding the noble deeds of valor, displayed by the gallant spirits, who have borne & planted, the stars & stripes in the Mexican soil. They are our countrymen—our friends, and our brothers. They have gone to fight the battles of our country—have left the endearment of home—have dissolved the tender ties of father, husband and lover. Melancholy indeed, has been the fate of those, who have battled for us, separated far from the bosom of their fathers. We, who dream away our existence in ease and comfort, are ignorant of the weary privations of the soldier, painful marches, the tedious drillings, exposed to the rough aspects of a deadly climate. When the hour of twilight comes, he finds couch save, the damp chilly earth; no roof, save the blue canopy of the starry sky. The victim of danger and disease, with no kind mother to minister to his wants; no tender sister to console his departing spirit, with nothing but the Godless laugh of demon Mexicans, to chide a requiem to his pale ghost. Such, has been the destiny of those who have gone for us, to the barren plains of the Montanum & yet under all these discouraging circumstances, what had been the result of their efforts? Let the generous state pride of every Mississippian, as his bosom pulsates with emotion, when he thinks of his own let Regiment of volunteers, answer the question. Three campaigns, unsurpassed in the annals of history, "The most brilliant achievements of that daring eastern trawler, Napoleon does not excel those of Taylor, Scott, Worth and Quitman.

In fact the reader of history, must be struck with the great similarity of Bonaparte's most famous, and brilliant victory at Wagram, and the one fought in the ravines of Buena Vista. Napoleon's forces had to contend with fearful odds,—the rolling columns of Austrian Infantry, were sufficient to overwhelm them. The Arch Duke Charles, however, knew the incorrigibility of his antagonist, and to make his victory the more certain, selected his position in the strong plateau of Wagram. He resolved here to make his chief effort, in order to menace the bridge and communication of the French Army. To effect this, he concentrated 40 thousand of the bravest and most gallant of his forces. Napoleon was compelled to attach and attack that hazardous point. Calm, and collected in the midst of the general disquietude, he commanded the brave and intrepid Massena, with his cavalry, to charge that rostr. They had never faltered, and the welkin rang with one terrific shout, as they dashed to the onslaught. But the booming of Austria's artillery, on either side, and the deafening roar of musketry in front, told that the fortress was impregnable. Massena could not charge it. Napoleon enraged called upon another Marshall and in a voice of thunder, ordered him to rout the enemy's centre and never did soldiers make greater exertions to execute the orders of their commander; but they returned as Massena had been, repulsed, and discouraged. Napoleon then appealed to the chivalrous McDonald, it was his last reserve. Into his hands, were committed the destinies of Europe, nor was he unworthy of the mission. The Austrians drew off their front line upon the second, and both falling back, formed a sort of wall on each side of the French column, from which issued a dreadful fire of grape and musketry. Still McDonald pressed on with unconquerable resolution over the dying bodies of their comrades and in the midst of a frightful storm of bullets, his ranks, tho' thinned by hundreds, were unshaken. Lion-like, the longer the conflict, the more desperate they became, till the line was broken, the fortress gained, and the victory won. McDonald's brave column, from eleven thousand by this single charge, had been reduced to fifteen hundred. So it was with Gen. Taylor, on the blood stained field of Buena Vista, with five thousand he was to confront twenty thousand of the enemy led by their favorite General. On one side hedged by lofty mountains on the other by deep and impassable ravines.

The brave Mississippians, were as McDonald's division, the action

was commenced by artillery, before they were upon the field—the report of the firing gave them assurance, that the battle had begun. Manifesting upon this, as upon all other occasions, their willingness to go where the battle's fury raged hottest, they pressed on. But to their astonishment, when coming in view of the enemy, the mortifying spectacle was presented to their view, of a sister Regiment, flying in disorder from the post of honor and danger!! To wipe the stigma of cowardice from their flag, they rush upon the exulting Mexico. The contest was severe—the destruction was great on both sides," but the progress of the enemy, though fourfold greater in numbers, was arrested. This was the first charge. Again they were summoned by the skillful Davis, to meet a large force of richly caparisoned lancers. Not a whisper was to be heard from our line, as the column was advancing in imposing grandeur, save the stern mandate of their commander, not to fire till the enemy was in distance, and then "they poured a volley so destructive, that the enemy's masses yielded to the blow and the survivors fled." Again, the brave Davis pressed the charge, perceiving the enemy to bear heavy upon Capt. Bragg's battery, he hurries to the rescue, climbing the rocky slope of the plain on which this combat occurred, as if by a simoon blast, the enemy faltered, gave way, and fled in confusion. This was McDonald's glorious charge, pressed by superior strength, they nobly defended their position, yielding a tribute of blood for every foot of ground, until laureled victory perched upon the arms of Davis' glorious little band. McDonald bravely placed the flag of the Emperor, on Austria's field; Davis planted the colors of his country on the crimsoned hacienda of a desperate foe. So it was, at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterrey, Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Chapultepec, Contreras, Churubusco, and the city of Mexico. Opposed by superior strength in every action, they felt the commission of defending their country, only the more honorable in proportion to the dangers and difficulties through which they passed and now while the "stars and stripes" wave in triumph over the cloud capped peaks of the Orizaba, placed there by the energy and perseverance of American troops after the daring Humbolt had failed, high above the reach of the Mexicans grasp and when we have the satisfaction of recounting the deeds of our soldiers in a far distant and southern clime, it must be a source of consolation to the christian, to reflect over the good consequences which will finally ensue to that barbarous people. An intercourse has been commenced, which after our troops have been withdrawn will continue to increase between this and that country. The light of civilization, will pierce the dark veil of idolatry, and superstition, and the poor misguided catholic, though the agency of the Christian Missionary, may be advised of the corruption, and error of that vice general of the Devil on earth, the Pope of Rome, and directed to the pure and immaculate God.

I have now Fellow Citizens given you a brief history of the declaration of Independence, the danger of the enterprise, their success, the general consequences to themselves, their prosperity, and their difficulties. I shall next direct your attention, to consequences of more general importance—the effect our own glorious revolution, has, and will, in the future, exercise upon the destinies of the world.

The millions of America are not the only people who are to realize the blessings, of the undertaking of the patriots of '76. An impetus was given to freedom, which will never cease to vibrate,—monarchs may interfere,—tyrants may interpose,—the Pope may excommunicate his lingering curse, but when all these shall have been expended, the bright orb of emancipation like the splendor of the noon day sun, will then burst forth and illumine the fallen ruins of despotism. It matters not whether our own happy government shall